

The Missionary Helper.

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MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

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No. 6

In June.—Day by day, all winter long, we watched impatiently for the evening paper. The latest news from Armenia, Cuba, India, Greece, was of paramount importance. We were so closely in touch with the people of those far countries that the tragedy of their living and dying seemed enacted at our very door. But the snow vanished from the hills; fields grew green; gardens blossomed, and that "happy land," which we used to sing about as "far, far away," seemed all about us. War and pestilence and famine grew indistinct and remote. Could anything but God, love, and beauty be real? The spell of June was upon us.

If we have given and continue to give all that is in our power of prayer and deed to the stricken and destitute over the sea, it is well perhaps to be released from the strain of too continuous study of and sympathy for their suffering, and turn our attention to the tender ministries in the homeland which summer always suggests. It is good to know that wide sympathies are not those least susceptible to needs at home, that growing interest in foreign missions is only keeping step with and inspiring growing interest in home. At the time when foreign missions were most unpopular, the fresh air fund, floating hospital, and college settlement were unknown. The Boston fruit and flower mission is one of the lovely expressions of timely kindness. In from the country, on the opening day, come hampers of apples, eggs, and jellies to be given to city invalids unaccustomed to dainties; potted plants for the shut-ins, baskets of wood-violets for tired and homesick ones, as well as for children who never saw woods or a violet. In one country town the mill girls took time after their busy days to gather wild flowers to send to the city. We believe that those blossoms were doubly blessed.

To each locality and person June suggests some form of neighborliness and loving kindness that will not fail to bear fruit.

Working Notes.—In May our president wrote from Ocean Park, "We are here enjoying this beautiful spring weather. The half was never told me of the beauties of Ocean Park in the spring time. I stay out of doors nearly all of the time. To say that I thoroughly enjoy it would not half express the pleasure of these days." It is good to know that the enforced rest of Mr. and Mrs. Davis is made a beautiful one. May it bring them fresh vigor of body, mind, and spirit. . . . This glimpse of life at one of our summer homes calls to mind days that are to be. Next month the committee of arrangements will give an outline of the season's program, which includes a "golden anniversary." The July HELPER will also furnish suggestions for the home-staying workers who have no outing. . . . Our treasurer is on a missionary trip, busy as ever but full of cheer, which she carries to bits of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and West Virginia. . . . Thanks are due Dr. and Mrs. O. R. Bacheler for generous help in preparing the sand-map exercise of Midnapore. . . . In the *Union Signal* of May 6, Miss Willard calls attention to Mrs. Ramsey's "lovely book of verses," and pays warm-hearted tribute to the two friends, Mrs. Ramsey and Mrs. Hills, who are spending their "westering" days together in Dover, N. H. . . . The annual meeting of the F. B. W. M. S. will be held in the Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., the 5th, 6th, and 7th of October. . . . Our sisters across the border have an attractive column in the *Religious Intelligencer* of Fredericton, N. B. Their missionary, Miss Gaunce, writes interesting letters concerning her work in and about Balasore. She expects to spend her vacation with Mrs. Boyer-Sunder. The following item will be of interest to all who have known and loved Mrs. Boyer as the little mother of the Boys' Orphanage at Balasore :

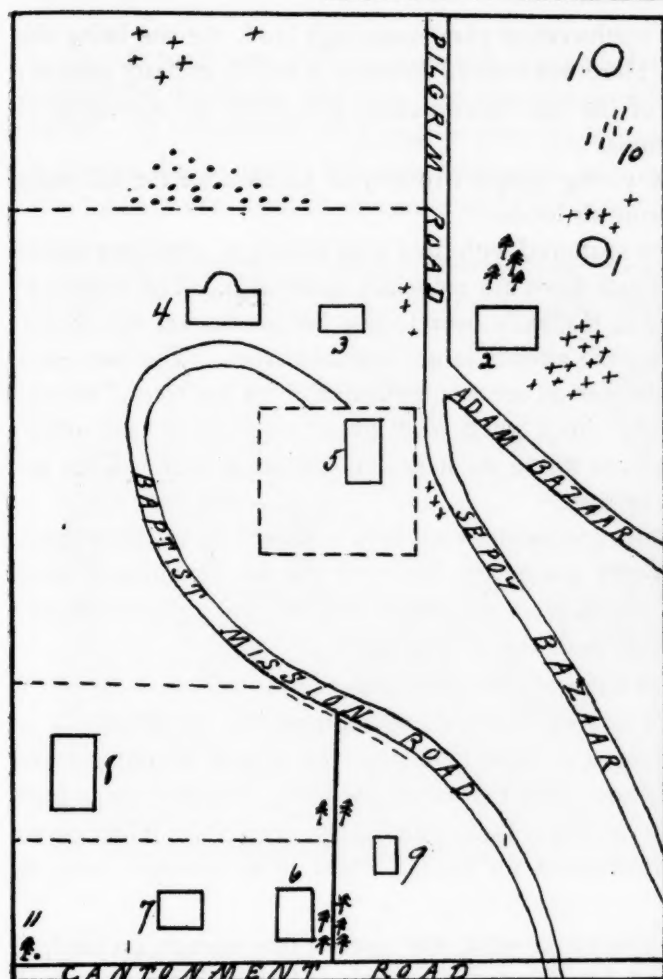
SUNDER—BOYER.—At the Free Church of Scotland, Calcutta, March 1, 1897, by the Rev. D. Reid, B. L., Surgeon Capt. C. E. Sunder, of the Indian Medical Service, Rangpore, Bengal, to Clara I. Boyer of Woodstock, N. B.

The White Ribbon for Asia is always a welcome guest. The last one to arrive reports the "Second Annual Convention of the Bengal Union" (W. C. T. U.). We note the names of Mrs. Mary R. Phillips, Miss Hattie Phillips, Mrs. Burkholder, and Dr. Mary Bacheler among the speakers. . . . The following letter is just received from Mrs. D. F. Smith :

A few days ago our kindergartner gave me a few words signed by "a friend." Two dollars were inclosed, one to be used for the Widows' Home and the other for the District Jail property in Midnapore. I want to thank her most kindly for the gift, and ask if she will allow me to put the whole amount into the Widows' Home, as the jail no longer exists as an object for donations. I can only ask in this public way, as no name was attached to the letter. I have also another little slip of paper with "For the child in the Orphanage named Alma Seavey." I think this was sent me from Bhimpore, but I have not this name among the "supported" children. It is quite possible that a letter has been written and miscarried, as letters sometimes are. Should this meet the eye of one who has suggested this name, and if she will write me, I shall be most happy to assign a child to her. You will be glad to learn that the Widows' Home is beginning to assume tangible proportions. As soon as I was able to move about after my long illness, I began to have the bricks made for the buildings and wall. These are now all made, and I think it would rejoice your heart to see them standing ready for use. I have also nearly completed a house large enough for the women, but until the work is completed this will be used for storing materials that need protection from the rain. We are in the midst of measles in the Orphanage, and it is a good deal of a trial to look forward to forty children having them !

MIDNAPORE SAND-MAP EXERCISE.

ARRANGED BY MISS ELIZABETH BLAKE.



1. Tanks.
2. Chapel.
3. Schoolhouse.
4. Bachelor House.
5. Press Building.
6. Bible School Mission House.
7. Industrial School.
8. Bible School.
9. House formerly occupied by Mr. Lawrence.
10. Graveyard.
11. Mrs. Lawrence's Grave.
- +++ Christian village.
- ... Santal village.

NOTES.

Construct the sand-map as described in July HELPER, 1896. The board used for the Balasore map can be used for Midnapore by turning it the other way. The dotted lines represent cactus hedges bounding the compounds. These may be made on the map with tips of evergreen. The double lines represent the macadamized roads, which should be made of red or light-colored sand. Photographs of the principal buildings may be purchased of Mr. Z. F. Griffin. These will aid in making the models. The matting that comes around tea-chests represents very well the thatched roofs.

Midnapore is situated about seventy miles west of Calcutta, from which it is reached by boat. The first seventeen miles are by the Hoogly river, the remainder by canal. The city has a population of about 36,000. The mission

premises are located in the northwestern part, upon high land, the site being the most desirable in the city. Here was located formerly a British military station; the buildings are therefore of the best construction, and there are a number of fine wells within the compounds.

We are indebted to the young people's society of Chelsea for the following extract from one of Miss Coombs's letters:

"The diagram would be spattered with dots if all the trees about our places should be indicated. Those put down are especially noticeable. The avenue of trees just as we start from Mr. Hallam's over to our house was set out by Dr. Phillips and his wife, and they are already large, beautiful trees. The two—one on each side the path—still farther on are ancient giants, "the big trees," we call them, and are the limit many times when we "go a piece" with each other. The four over by the chapel are where we have our Christmas tree. They are mango trees with very thick foliage."

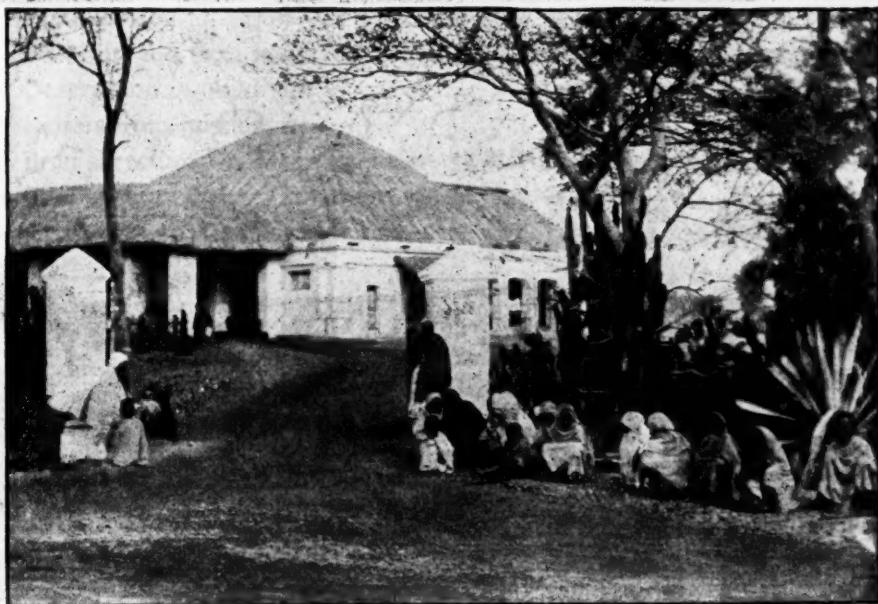
One of the special features of mission work here is preaching in the bazaars. These are trading places where goods are displayed on the verandas of small mud houses. In the Big Bazaar a brick platform is built around a pipal tree, and from this the missionary preaches to the passers by.

DESCRIPTION OF BUILDINGS.

1. *Tanks.*—These are located in the chapel compound. The water is no longer used for drinking purposes. The tank near the chapel is well stocked with fish each year, which remain until the water gets low; then men come from the city and transfer them to the larger tank, which never dries up. When grown the fish are used by the missionaries for food. These tanks are also used for baptisms.

2. *Chapel.*—This is located in what was once a fine mango orchard, so there is plenty of shade and an abundance of fruit. The building is built of brick, plastered and whitewashed inside and outside. The roof is flat and of brick with a solid brick railing around. The wide veranda which extends around three sides has a thatched roof. The building consists of one large audience room and two smaller rooms in the rear, which were partitioned off when Dr. Bachelier first went to Midnapore. In these he lived for about two years. The audience room had to serve for a general sitting-room, dining-room, and chapel. The two smaller rooms were afterwards used for the mission press, and are now used for Sunday school classes and prayer meetings. The chapel is furnished with long wooden benches with backs and a few chairs for those who prefer them. The church was organized in 1863 with only three members. The membership now is nearly one hundred, and there is a large Sunday school. This church has a native pastor, whom it wholly sustains.

3. *Schoolhouse*.—This house was originally built for the training of Santal teachers for the jungle schools. Like the other buildings, it is of brick and white-washed. It is furnished with long benches for the pupils, although many of them sit on the floor. Since the removal of the training school to Bhimpore, the building has been used for the Bible and Christian village schools.

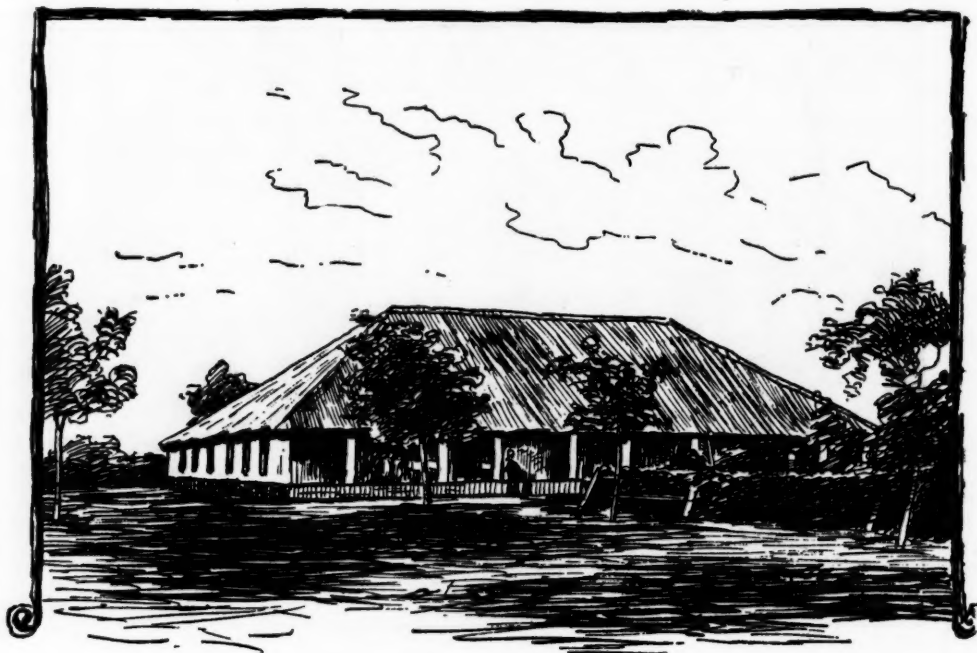


BACHELER HOUSE.

4. *Bachelor House*.—This in military times was known as the "Colonel's Residence." Like the other buildings it is of brick and whitewashed inside and out. One room has a cement roof, while the others are covered with thatch. It contains nine rooms, one of which, the front corner room, is the dispensary opened by Dr. Bacheler in 1863, and now in charge of his daughter Mary. Miss Butts and Miss Coombs also reside here. The house is approached by a beautiful drive-way, bordered on both sides by a low embankment of earth, on which are many varieties of beautiful tropical plants. Within this compound are flower and vegetable gardens, which make the place very attractive. The group outside the gate, in the illustration, represents the company of beggars, mostly lepers, who come every Monday morning for a pice each.

5. *Press Building*.—This is a substantial brick building, with brick roof, containing two rooms 18 by 36 feet. It was established by Dr. Bacheler in 1863, and is well equipped with presses and type. All school books, hymn books,

tracts, and other literature used in the mission are printed here at only the cost of production. Large municipal orders are filled to pay the running expenses, and this furnishes employment to the native Christians. While these are being printed, the mission work must wait ; so there is great need of money to enable the missionaries to pay for the printing needed in their work.



DR. PHILLIPS'S BUNGALOW.

6. *Bible School Mission House*.—This is also called Dr. Phillips's bungalow. It is a low thatched roof building made of brick and whitewashed, and is in the same compound with the Industrial and Bible schools. Mr. and Mrs. Hallam and Mr. Stiles live here.

7. *Industrial School*.—When the British regiment was stationed here, this building was a small-pox hospital. It is a good brick building, which is whitewashed. It was rebuilt and enlarged by Dr. J. L. Phillips. Here both Christian and heathen boys are taught sewing and ropemaking.

8. *Bible School*.—This is now being built, and when completed it will be a fine-looking building, which will reflect great credit on the mission. For this school Dr. J. L. Phillips raised an endowment of \$25,000. The school usually numbers about twenty Christian young men. It furnishes a four years' course for teachers and ministers. Common English branches, higher mathematics, and a classical course in Sanskrit are taught here. Both missionaries and native

teachers give instruction. The evangelistic work connected with the school is of great importance. Most of the daily preaching in the bazaars is done by the students and the teachers of this school.

PROGRAM OF MIDNAPORE SAND-MAP EXERCISE.

Opening exercises.

From Boston to Midnapore (see "A Tour of Our India Mission Field").

Location and brief history of Midnapore (see Notes and F. B. Cyclopædia).

Description of buildings.

Letters from missionaries.

Brief sketch of Dr. Mary Bachelor. (March HELPER, '96.)

Brief sketch of Miss Coombs. (May HELPER, '96.)

Extracts from "A Day in Midnapore with Tiperi," a native zenana teacher. (April HELPER, '95.)

Many valuable items may be found in MISSIONARY HELPERS and *Morning Star* which can be used to make a program very attractive; as, "Miss Coombs's Work in India," and "Life in the Dispensary," both in May HELPER, '96; "Every-day Doings," April HELPER, '93.

SYSTEMATIC WORK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY LENA SWEET FENNER.

THE words that were given utterance by Alexander Pope in his immortal essay, "Order is heaven's first law," have lost none of their force as the years have sped. "Order" is not alone heaven's first law, but that of all commercial enterprise and of the business world. And it would seem to be wasted time to attempt to prove that systematic work among young people is more desirable than spasmodic effort, were it not for the fact that our religious societies, particularly those that have been specially devoted to mission work, have seemed to be the most dilatory in bringing their affairs and their work down to a solid basis of system and methodical process.

Probably there is not one of us who has enjoyed the sail on the New York boat who has not spent some time before the glass-inclosed engine-room, watching the mighty piston making its journeys up and down—down-up, down-up—as regularly as a pendulum; there is faultless system.

The student of the human body is impressed with the marvelous method by which one part fits so perfectly into another, and by which the functions of certain organs are performed with so much harmony in their relation to the duties of other organs. We are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and I might add, methodically and systematically made.

The daisy, the violet, or any common flower of the field presents to us a plan of construction that rivals, yea, supercedes, the business plans of the most model organization.

There is a difference between the theoretical and the practical, between knowing a thing and doing it. We all grant that systematic work is the best, but we are not, I regret to say, doing systematic work in all our societies. "To him that knoweth to do right and doeth it not"—you know the rest.

Religion is not beyond order. It was Christ who sent out the seventy two by two into every village and town. By order is meant method, system. There is no line of work that requires system for its successful consummation more than missionary work and the support of missionaries. Surely it is high time that from spasmodic giving to missions there should be evolved a healthy, enthusiastic giving that is intelligent and systematic. And, like every other course of training that is found to be effective of results, this should begin with the children and young people.

The hazy, uninteresting period of missions is past. The greater intelligence of to-day upon this subject, and the bringing of our foreign field nearer to us by the greater ease in travel and communication and the more frequent personal contact with missionaries, tend greatly to dispel prejudice and increase the number of those who shall become interested in missions. The spirit of evangelism reaches the children and young people. They are seeking out needs and conditions, and sending where they may not go.

Systematic work divides itself naturally into two departments :

1. Systematic instruction, and
2. Systematic benevolence.

1. Even the blind or dumb man thinks not of coming to our door without the bit of soiled or crumpled paper to explain what are his demands upon the public. Missionary interest, particularly that of foreign missions, seems so far away to many of us that it does not come to us instinctively, it has to be cultivated or acquired. Let us, then, seek instruction along missionary lines ; give ourselves to a closer scrutiny of our missionary literature and to an applied study of our work and workers.

Missionary libraries that are owned by some of our young people's societies fit] right] in here. The literature tables in our churches, with their mission volumes and missionary periodicals kept for perusal and circulation, are material aids to our fund of missionary knowledge. The very Christian endeavor idea is evangelistic, missionary, and its missionary committees and missionary prayer meeting topics at least once a quarter tend very directly to interest the young people regularly in missionary effort. For definite instruction in our own India

field there is nothing better than the Free Baptist Leaflet course. This is not too deep or dry for young people; simplified and made pictorial it has been given with success in junior societies. And after a visit to Balasore, aided by the sand-map and tiny white models, India seems not so far away and life in Balasore a pleasant actuality.

2. Knowledge creates interest; interest tends to awaken love; and love pries hard at the clasps of the pocket-book.

How many of us who have gladdened the heart of Mr. Frost—as well as the angels in heaven—by tithing our incomes, have been surprised to find how much could be given to benevolence, and at how little personal sacrifice, if given systematically. And when all these little systematic individual treasuries are brought together into the treasury of the young people's society the result is indeed amazing. Amazing, I say, in comparison with what was done by the unorganized young people of the past. It is a principle of Christian endeavor to spend as little as possible upon itself; a very large proportion of the whole amount of money raised being given to definite church work, to aid home benevolence, and sent to the foreign field. Of the \$1700 raised last year by the Rhode Island Young People's Union—that is, by the societies composing it—\$600, or 35 per cent of the whole, was given to home and foreign missions. One of our Rhode Island societies last year raised \$335, of which \$157 was given for missions; another raised \$250, and gave \$175 for missions, or equal to \$2 a member for missions. It is needless to add that this latter society has the weekly envelop system, and pledges regularly so much a year for different missionary objects. Several of our societies have supported regularly native teachers and preachers at \$25 and \$40 a year. For more years than I know, twelve or fifteen at the least, one society has given \$75 a year through a single channel; a regularity that has enabled the mission boards at all times to depend on those contributors. And this, by the way, is one of the marked advantages of system. The heads of mission work can plan their incomes more exactly and tellingly if the gifts of societies and individuals are systematic, to say nothing of the relief and encouragement it must be to our representatives in India to know their salaries are raised easily and pleasantly, without the need of quarterly pleas or emergency funds.

This brings me to speak of our Rhode Island state organization. The consolidation of societies was brought about three and a half years ago. It is at present composed of some thirty-four local societies, mainly Christian Endeavor and junior societies, with a sprinkling of stray mission bands and Sunday school mission circles. Up to its May, 1896, session, the main object of the Union was to foster the spiritual and social growth of our young people by the several con-

ventions held during the year. But since the visit of Miss Beebee Phillips among us, a year ago, it has dawned upon the minds of our young people that their interest in mission work in India would be more tangible, and their willingness to give to its support enhanced to a pleasure, if Miss Phillips could become their very own missionary, supported by the State Union through the local societies. Hence the action was taken that has resulted in the adoption of Miss Phillips as the missionary of the children and young people of Rhode Island.

Miss Phillips goes to her work with a knowledge of India, its people, and its customs, which was her birthright, a daughter and a granddaughter of India missionaries, and conversant with one or more of the Hindu languages. Her bright, lovable disposition fits her peculiarly for her pioneer work, that of establishing kindergartens among the children of India.

We are duly proud of this action, as we are the first Free Baptist state organization of young people to have and support its own missionary. This is surely systematic work, although as yet undeveloped and without results. Our faith in our young people is large and strong enough, however, to see a successful end from the beginning.

Rhode Island throws down the gauntlet to other Free Baptist state organizations! What Rhode Island has done Massachusetts can do, and many another state, and then leave a sufficient number of societies to support easily the missionary of the United Society.

When more of our Unions do this—adopt an individual missionary—there will be fewer of our young men and women obliged, as in a recent case, to seek some other than our own denominational board under which to carry the banner of Christ to India.

The crying need at present, on this side the Atlantic, is not more missionary volunteers—there are scores of them waiting—but more financial volunteers! And the day when these waiting evangelists may be sent to their chosen work will be brought much nearer if our young people's societies—the churches of tomorrow—are brought to see that they may share with Christ the privilege of giving, and give “as God has prospered them” systematically.

And this united, systematic work of the young people may prove a step forward toward the settlement, without conflict and according to the spirit of modern advancement, of the question of unification.

Mrs. Whitney, that dear writer of the practical, says in a recent article, “Everybody must write a paper upon something, and go and read it somewhere, and everybody else must quit work and go and hear it. We are almost too busy demonstrating life to live.”

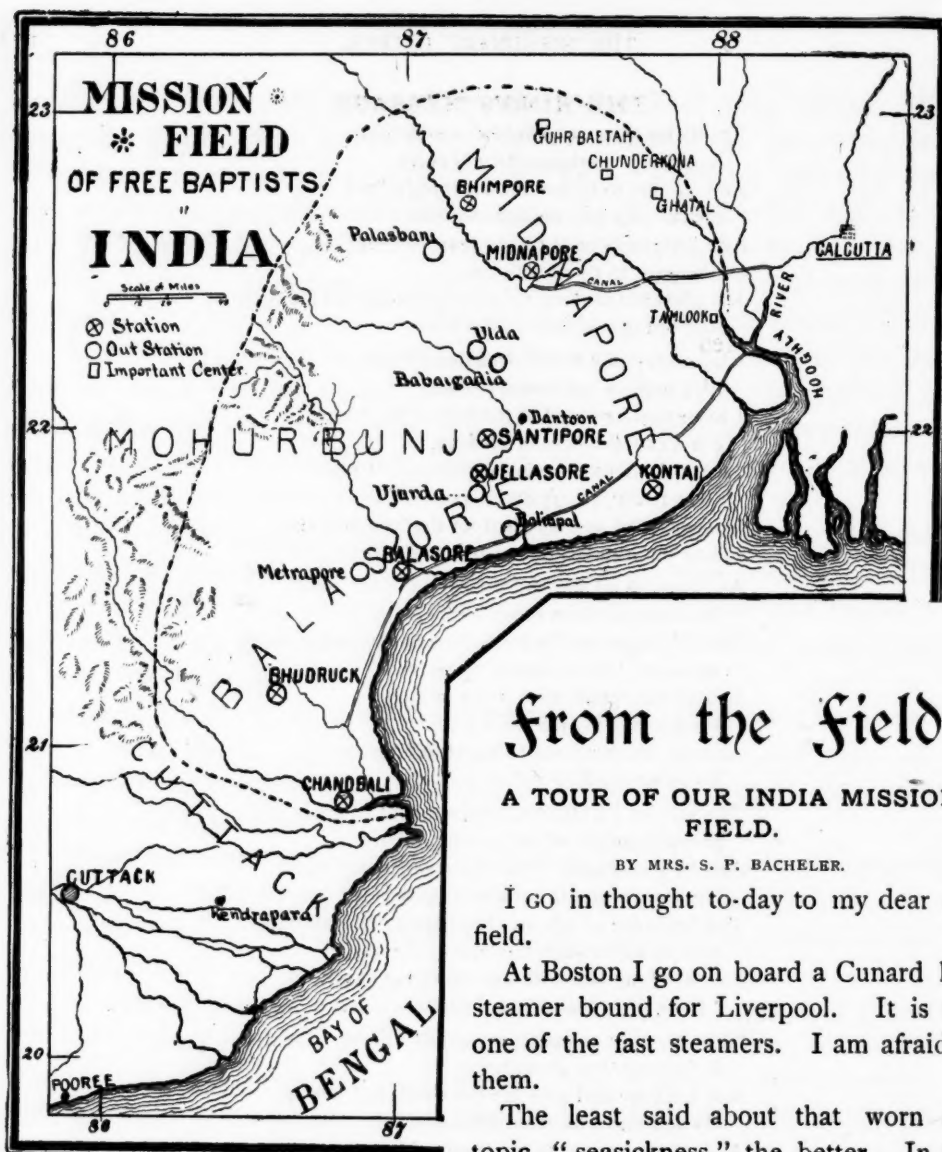
May it not be true of us that we are too busy demonstrating life to profit by our own demonstrations. Let us be doers and not hearers only.

Providence, R. I.

THE KING'S MESSAGE.

I LOOKED from my window at midnight,
And said, "Perhaps He will come
And call me to follow, ere morning's light
Breaks over yon mountain dome.
And joyful will be the summons," I thought,
"Forever to dwell with him."
His presence seemed throbbing through all the night,
And filling my heart to the brim.
I lay on my pillow and dreamed of him,
And then, in a moment's space,
I knew that he stood at the foot of my couch,
For I saw the light of his face.
"Dear Lord, thou art calling for me," I said;
"I'm ready, yes, ready to go?
I have waited and watched for thy welcome step,
And thy wonderful love I know."
And then he spoke, and the sound of his voice
Was sweeter than music's tone,
And, "Where are the souls thou hast won for me?"
He said. "Dost thou come alone?"
I could not speak, for a wave of grief
Rolled over my troubled soul,
And my life stood out to my startled gaze
As an empty and useless scroll.
The service I'd tendered and thought so great
Seemed naught while he waited there.
And he gently said, "Hast thou borne my name
To those who are sunk in despair?
The fields are all white. Hast thou gone abroad
And toiled through the heat of the day?"
I covered my face with my trembling hands,
"Have pity, dear Lord, I pray.
"I'll carry thy message, thy words of love,
If thou wilt but go with me,
And hold me and give me the strength I need;
My soul must be filled with thee."
And gently he said to my troubled heart,
"My joy and my peace be thine;
Go, carry my message and have no fear;
The strength and the power are mine.
"And lo! I am with thee, to love and to bless!"
He vanished, and who may know
The wonderful light that around me spread,
More fair than the morning's glow?
He's even beside me, and I must speak
His message so full and free.
Till hearts are awakened and humbly cry,
"Here, Master, am I; send me."

—May M. Anderson. in *The Missionary*.



A TOUR OF OUR INDIA MISSION FIELD.

BY MRS. S. P. BACHELER.

I go in thought to-day to my dear old field.

At Boston I go on board a Cunard line steamer bound for Liverpool. It is not one of the fast steamers. I am afraid of them.

The least said about that worn out topic, "seasickness," the better. In ten days I get to Liverpool. One of Cook's

agents is on hand, and saves me from all care of myself and baggage, passes the latter through the custom house, engages my passage to Calcutta on one of "Smith & Co's" City line steamers, and gets myself and baggage safely deposited, all for less than \$10. In five days, by the way of the Bay of Biscay, the steamer reaches the Strait of Gibraltar, the southern point of Spain. In the narrowest part it is but three miles wide, Europe on one side and Africa on the other. In the Mediterranean (2000 miles long) about eight days, when our steamer reaches the Suez Canal. This canal is about a hundred miles long, and

from 75 to 155 feet wide. It is now lighted by electricity, and the passage is made in a little less than a day. Then by the Gulf of Suez into the Red Sea (300 miles long). This is a dangerous, treacherous body of water; the safe channel, bordered by coral reefs, is rather narrow. "The Twelve Apostles" are coral reefs standing up out of the water and close to the safe channel. The passage is about four days, and the captain is supposed not to sleep during that time, but to be continually on watch. We go out of the Red Sea through the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb into the Arabian Sea, then southeast to Ceylon, where we enter the Indian Ocean, and then north to and through the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta, making the entire journey from Liverpool in about thirty-two days.

A very little while after the steamer arrives I am surrounded by dear old friends, but my anxiety to be among my very own at Midnapore makes me take the first steamer (a daily) that runs to Oolaberia, sixteen miles. Then begins purgatory, a name given to the journey from Oolaberia to Midnapore. It is in the canal, except where a dangerous river is crossed. This journey occupies from fifteen to twenty-four hours, fifty miles, and is quite often full of discomforts, annoyances, inconveniences, sometimes danger, and general misery. Let it pass—paradise is at the end. A garry is waiting at the landing, and I see Vina and Mary watching my boat slowly navigating the Casaige river. The steamer has to stay on the other side. Three miles through school bazaar, where are all the shops that contain nearly everything that people want to eat, up through the quiet part of the town, to the Dr. Phillips compound. Here I find the dear old-time friends the Hallams, and the new-time friend and faithful worker Bro. Stiles. I see the Industrial school building and all other belongings. I hasten over the large yard, or Phillips compound, leaving the printing building on a small mound at the right, enter the eastern gate, to our own house. Here I find Misses Coombs, Butts, Landes, and Mary. I step through our compound east, past the schoolhouse on the Jaganath road, to the chapel and Christian village.

I am in haste, and take a two wheeler, drawn by a pony, and start for Bhimpore, almost due west, twenty miles right into the Santal country. Bhimpore an ideal place, made so from a wild, uncultivated jungle by beautiful, Christ-like missionaries. Dr. and Mrs. Burkholder and two daughters and Miss Wile live here. Back again to Midnapore and the Jaganath road, and on my way to Dantoon, thirty-six miles: then on to Jellasore, Patna, or Muhammadnagar, as the post-office is named. Here is the old Phillips house, the chapel, and close to it the resting-place of the sainted Miss Lavina Crawford's earthly house. Here live Mr. and Mrs. Rae, faithful native workers.

Now I cross the Subornraka river and go out seven miles nearly north to Santipore, another ideal place, manufactured from a wild jungle where wild beasts

lived; the remnants of them are thereabout still, and sometimes near. Dr. Nellie Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. Wyman are here, carrying on the work begun by the senior Phillipses forty years ago. There are a great many children here and a large school.

I go back again to Jellasore, on the great Jaganath road, and start for Balasore, twenty-eight miles southwest—a good road. This is an old historic place. Our mission was established here permanently in 1837, and is the mother of all the stations. Our Christian high school is here, and though yet in its infancy, is proving a helpful power in the mission. Mr. and Mrs. Hamlen, Miss Hattie Phillips, Miss Sophie (alias Beebee) Phillips, Miss Gaunce, and at the Sinclair Orphanage Mrs. D. F. Smith and Miss Scott. Eight miles west from Balasore is Metrapore, an old out-station.

Forty miles southerly from Balasore is Bhudruck, an interesting, growing station. Here are Layman Ager and Mrs. Ager, and Miss Emilie Barnes.

Forty miles east from Bhudruck I go by water to Chandbali. This place can also be reached directly from Calcutta by steamer. This station is somewhere about twenty years old. Mr. and Mrs. Coldren have been here from the beginning of the work here.

I take the steamer from here to Calcutta, which lands me there in about one day. I have made the tour of our mission. I often make it in thought, and with much more of detail and lingering.

New Hampton, N. H.

ONE WEEK-DAY IN MIDNAPORE.

BY MISS L. C. COOMBS.

I AM asked to give one week-day's experience from beginning to end. That experience would depend on the time of year and the day of the week, but the first and hardest thing of every day is to get waked up and pulled together and out of bed. Then dressing and devotions take the time till the bell rings for "chota hajari," which usually consists of a couple of slices of toast and a cup of cocoa. Then comes prayers with the servants and as they are dismissed a word or two of direction in regard to their work. Then the cook comes with his account of money spent the day before and an application for more funds for the coming day. A visit to the storeroom supplies him with stores already on hand for breakfast and dinner. Then the syces come for the grain for the horses, and the man who feeds the cows takes the rice pounded in the husk to cook for the cat.le.

After all these wants are supplied I'm ready to start out to work. The four-wheeled bullock garrie, supplied by the contributions of good friends at home,

drives up with its yoke of big bullocks, and I start off with a bag of tracts, hymn-book, and register. I go to a house where a girl is learning who is not yet married, and whose mother was formerly a pupil of ours. I hear the girl's lessons in reading, spelling, and figures, have her write from dictation, and compare results with what was recorded of her in the register at my last visit, and encourage or reprove her accordingly. Then comes the catechism, with its questions and answers about man and his fall, God and his work for man in Jesus Christ, and as these answers are often committed to memory simply as so many sounds, they have to be explained and re-explained till some glimmer of intelligence shows in the face of the pupil. While this girl has been reciting another pupil has come in from another house. She is a young woman, very poor but anxious to learn to read, and as they make fun of her in her own house she slips off in here. She is rather dull but patient and persevering. When the lessons of both are finished a hymn is called for, and now the mother sits down to listen. She is the widow of a Brahmin, rather well-to-do, but a son has lately died and her heart is sore. As I sing of heaven and its peace and happiness and the love of Jesus who made it possible for us to go there, the tears roll down her cheeks and she wants to hear more. I sing another and explain and exhort and leave some tracts with her and go on to another house. This is also a Brahmin's, and a girl reads here who is married but still living with her mother. She is very soon to go to her husband's house, and doesn't know as she can read any more. The same routine of examination and record is gone through, and the singing. Here several gather around, and one young wife is so pleased with the hymn that she insists on having it written off for her that she may learn it by heart. Here also is a little younger sister learning her primer and to count and the first few answers in the catechism, and the time has gone so fast that after hearing her lessons I hurry home to breakfast, which is supposed to be eaten at half-past ten.

The big bell has rung for the teachers to gather for roll-call before going to their work, for they go out at eleven and come in at half-past five or six. Sometimes on getting in from morning work I find the other members of the household just sitting down to breakfast, oftener nearly finished. I take mine and then go out to call the names of the teachers and pray with them, and it may be have to arrange for the work of some absent one.

Then we have our own family prayers led by one of us in turn each week. Now comes the noon nap, and it is indeed a welcome respite. After this is finished and a bath enjoyed and some necessary correspondence disposed of, it is "tiffin" time, which means a cup of tea and slice of bread and butter. (?)

Then off again to work. This time I go to the house of a shopkeeper whose two girls are reading—both married but not yet banished to their mothers-

in-law. When it comes to the singing and religious instruction, there are several gathered around to listen, and they are so attentive and reverent that I am impressed to pray with them, and they sit surprised and awestruck.

At the next house the pupil is a widow, a young woman who has come back to live at her father's and who is much interested in her lessons ; but some of her relatives say, " Why should a widow learn ? " and make so much fun of her that it seems probable she will give it up. There are visitors at this house, and they have never seen me before, nor heard any of our hymns, so are very glad to listen. While we are sitting together on the floor of the veranda of the court—I explaining and they listening attentively—suddenly the man of the house returns from his office and passes us as he goes to his room, and such a scattering ! While I am finishing a sentence they have all vanished, and I am sitting alone excepting two or three children. This " lord of creation " passes out and in a few times, and there are no more listeners for me, so I gather myself together and leave with a parting salaam to faces peeping here and there from other doors. The afternoon is fast passing, but I venture to one more house. This pupil is a young mother, and her youngest child is such a persistently uneasy and restless little thing that it is well-nigh impossible to accomplish anything with books, so we talk a while and I come home in the twilight.

Dinner is ready, and while we are eating the bell rings for Sunday school teachers' meeting. It is cold season, and Mr. Stiles, the superintendent, is out in evangelistic work, and I, as assistant superintendent, take charge of this meeting, and we study the lesson together, for I am not prepared to teach it.

So one day has gone. Others are very much like it, varied by the different duties connected with our own Christian community. Women's meeting, children's meeting, church prayer meeting, temperance meeting, etc.

Now that the hot season is upon us, the time for the teachers' work is changed. They go early in the morning and again in the afternoon, and I shall not attempt to go twice in one day. This will give more time for accounts and correspondence, which get sadly neglected in the press of other work.

Midnapore, March 22.

IN speaking of the work of missionaries in the spread of knowledge and civilization the testimony of Prof. Max Muller is of account. He asks, " What would the science of language be without missions ? " They have unlocked the treasures of literature in all the nations they have visited. They have done more for the spread of knowledge among the natives, and of knowledge of the natives, than all other agencies combined. Their work in India, China, and Africa is calling for grateful acknowledgment from the learned world.

ONE SUNDAY IN MIDNAPORE.

BY REV. E. B. STILES.

ON Sunday morning one is often led to say, "O day of rest and gladness," and then wonder before the day closes why it is called a day of rest at all, it has been so full of activity. From the early prayer meeting at half-past six or seven in the summer months, till the close of the C. E. meeting at eight in the evening, there has been so much for heart, head, hands, and feet to do that one often longs for an actual rest day to follow Sunday. However, there are compensations. There is rest even in this activity, when in the busy, busy round the heart is kept open upward, and when one remembers that the Master whose we are and whom we serve, when wearied at Sychar's well, found his meat and drink in the Father's love, and his rest in bringing rest to a tired, sinful soul.

The clanging bell calls to early prayer. The oriental, though an early riser, is not early to respond to the call of a bell; so, as a rule, there are but few at this meeting. However, the number increases as the time goes on, till a half hour later, when the Sunday school begins, there are a hundred or more present for that. All sizes and sorts. Little, big; clean, dirty; young, old; careless, devout. The bell rings and the school stands for the responsive reading and a Bengali hymn. The tune is often one that would be familiar to friends at home. After prayer the lesson is read responsively, and the classes go to their places for the study of the lesson. We have one of the requirements for a model Sunday school. The seats for the younger scholars are not too high, for they sit on the floor, the teacher sitting in the center of her circle.

But who are those young men passing the church on their way to the bazaar? Don't they need to attend Sunday school? Yes, and they do attend. They are members of the C. E. society that conduct Sunday schools for Hindu and Mohammedan children in the town. We have induced the teachers of four day schools to gather their pupils on Sunday for an hour's study of the word. I mount my bicycle and visit them quite often, and am pleased to find that the children like to attend, and that they are getting quite familiar with the story of Jesus. A few months ago one of the teachers asked if the school might be closed the two following Sundays on account of a heathen festival. I asked for the wish of the scholars, and was pleased to find that they all preferred that the school should go on as usual in spite of the festival. In these schools nearly three hundred boys are taught weekly.

In the afternoon the clanging bell again lifts up its tone inviting to further worship. It calls the little boys and girls of the Christian community to the house where our ladies live; and there either Miss Coombs, Miss Butts, or Miss Bachelor take charge of them for an hour, to prevent their disturbing the public

services, and for the sake of giving them teaching better suited to their understanding than the sermon would be. A half-hour after the first bell the pastor of the church or Bro. Hallam, for they take turns at preaching, rises to address a church well filled with an attentive audience. It is not necessary to give the order of exercises, it is much the same as at home. Once a month a part of this service is the bringing of offerings for the support of the church. Miss Coombs sits at the table and calls off the names of the ones that have pledged themselves to give for this purpose, and as the names are called the money is brought forward and proper credit given.

In the evening there is a meeting of the C. E. at the church. The members are all masculine, except Misses Coombs, Butts, and Landes. Sometimes there is good attendance and interest, then again there is coldness and indifference. The Sunday school work referred to above helps to keep some of the members active. Would that we could keep all at work.

There goes a wind-proof lamp. Where? To the house of some one of the villagers. Miss Bachelor has a meeting each Sunday evening for the benefit of the weaker and more ignorant members of the church and community. She tries to adapt her teaching to their special needs, a good work that is proving helpful to the class for whom it is carried on.

After these meetings there is home and rest, unless sickness calls the doctor elsewhere, or trouble, a quarrel, or something else calls others. Home seems good, for in its quiet we find time to review the day and to thank God that he has sent us where there is so much need; and that although we do not see all the fruit that we desire, yet we do see enough to assure us that our labor is not in vain.

Midnapore, India.

RESOLUTION ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BREWSTER.

WE, the publication committee of the MISSIONARY HELPER, are saddened by the intelligence that has come to us of the death of Mrs. Marilla Marks Brewster, the first editor of our magazine. And while we call to mind her years of faithful editorial service, and remember that to her conviction of its need, faith in its mission, and persistency of effort in its behalf was largely due the courage and enthusiasm of our women, that made its publication at the first both a possibility and a necessity, we pledge ourselves anew to its interests, determined that no endeavor shall be wanting on our part towards making it worthy of filling the largest place possible in its own important sphere.

DUTY makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully.—*P. B.*

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

JULY.—MIDNAPORE.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Singing. Responsive scripture reading.

OUR COMMISSION.

1. What is the foundation of mission work?
For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.
2. What do the prophets say?
All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.
3. What are the promises?
Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
4. What is our Lord's command?
Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.
5. How can we obey?
As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world. Now then are we ambassadors for Christ.
6. What are the tokens of fulfilment?
The Lord hath made known his salvation; his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.
7. What will be the reward?
Of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance, for ye serve the Lord Christ.
8. What is the capstone of missionary invitation?
The Spirit and the bride say, Come! And let him that heareth say, Come! And let him that is athirst come! And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Prayer for God's blessing upon this hour of study.

An imaginary trip to Midnapore, personally conducted by the leader.

Introduction to the missionaries stationed there.

Description of mission houses and other buildings.

A week-day in Midnapore.

One Sunday in Midnapore.

Prayer for work and workers at Midnapore.

General conversation.

NOTE.—Sufficient material to carry out the foregoing program will be found in this HELPER, but other references are mentioned in the program for sand-map exercise. Freely use illustrations, diagram, map—photographs and sand board if possible—in order to become really familiar with this station.

Practical Christian Living.

Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."



THE BLOOMING OF THE ROSE.

"WHAT is it like to be a rose?"

Old roses softly.—"Come and see."

"Nay, I will tarry; let me be
In my green peacefulness and smile,
I will stay here and dream awhile;
'Tis well for little buds to dream,
Dream, dream! Who knows—
Say, is it good to be a rose?
Old roses, tell me, is it good?"

Old roses very softly.—"Good."

"I am afraid to be a rose,
This little sphere wherein I wait,
Curled up and small and delicate,
Makes me a shelter of pure green
Wherein are dreams of night and morn,
And the sweet stillness of the world
Where all things are that are unborn."

Old roses.—"Better to be born."

"I cannot be a bud for long—
My sheath is like a heart full blown,
And I, the silence of a song
Withdraw into that heart alone.
Well knowing that it shall be sung.
Outside the great world comes and goes.
I think I doubt to be a rose."

Old roses.—"Doubt? to be a rose?"

Anna H. Branch, in Independent.



A COTTON STRING.

ROSES and girls! The roses—red, pink, and white—were outside the arbor, resting their faces against the lattice in a listening attitude, or swaying to and fro upon vibrant stems, filling the soft June air with sweetest perfume.

The girls were inside, seated upon the comfortable settees which ran around three sides of the arbor. There were seven of them—bright and sweet in their light gowns, each wearing a cluster of half-open roses upon her breast.

It was a lovely spot in quiet old Hilltop, a New England village "off the railroad" and without location on the map of the world. But it had a large

circle of pleasant families, wealth enough to support two churches without whining, some remarkably intelligent women who found time to think and read and consider all good causes, and a bevy of young women who really governed Hilltop. And this bright summer afternoon a few of them were holding their last missionary meeting before vacation.

Katherine Grant, a tall, dignified girl with eye-glasses, was president and also hostess. It was half-past three, and she rapped upon the round table in the center of the arbor.

"O, Katherine!" cried Sarah Norris, "do you really expect us to concentrate our minds upon missions this afternoon? Now if we were in the vestry, facing the map of Asia, and a cold sleet was driving against the windows, I could give my whole soul to the subject; but now—"

"'When every prospect pleases, and only man is vile,'" hummed softly Margie Holmes.

"It isn't time to sing yet," retorted Sarah; "I was only going to say that I felt too happy to think about other people's miseries."

"So do I," said Lulu Dyer, in her soft, drawling tone; "I've been watching those ridiculous robins hopping down the path. Did you ever see any creature make such a sudden and total pause as a robin will? You'd think he had had an instantaneous 'arrest of thought.' One moment he hops along as if he were after the doctor, and the next instant—"

Katherine was laughing with the rest of the girls, but shook her head. "Girls, we must abide by our constitution and our convictions," she said.

After the opening exercises and reports, always faithfully given, a paper was read by one of the members on a selected topic, and followed by a free discussion. It was Katherine's turn to-day, and her subject in connection with India lessons was "Caste." Her Aunt Anna, now a Hilltop minister's wife, had once been a missionary in India. Hence at the parsonage Katherine had found not only books and papers, but helps from actual experience.

She had given much time and thought to the subject, and her six listeners felt that her paper was "simply perfect."

The system of caste as an ancient form of religious belief—its oppressive influence upon the Hindus, and its power to thwart Christianity, was clearly explained. The Brahman stood as a type of the system. In her own picturesque style Katherine sketched this head of all castes, this aristocrat of the earth "by the grace of God." Poor, idle, even immoral he might be, but he was never anything but holy. He must not touch nor speak with a person of lower caste. He must not eat food cooked by him, nor must the shadow of the vile man fall upon him. His bathing, eating, meditations, and devotions are all governed by

fixed laws ; and in fact he, the sacred Brahman, claims worship from low-caste men.

"And what," read Katherine with intense voice, "what is the sign of this supremacy? Why, a cotton string of three strands which passes over the left shoulder and across his breast! At eight years the Brahman boy receives this, and is ever after reckoned among the 'twice born.'"

As Katherine paused the girls were strongly impressed by her fine scorn of the ancient fraud "sitting beside the sacred Ganges," and were ready to ask questions and advance opinions of their own. They did not refer to the heathen as if they were either mummies or idiots—we must congratulate them on such an advance—but they could not forget the marked superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, nor fail to express their disapproval and disgust for all that pertained to the cotton string. It was a pity the poor old Brahman could not have heard that discussion of what ought to be!

While they still talked, Lisa, the little Swede maid, came out with cake and lemonade on dainty trays, smiling broadly as joyous exclamations arose over the suggestive tinkling of ice in the big pitcher.

As they gathered about the table Katherine said, "Now we must talk business while we eat. This is our last meeting until September. Some time that month we must hold an 'at home.' Aunt Anna expects a missionary visitor, which will give us a splendid opportunity to reach the people. I would like to have our church parlors beautiful with autumn leaves, flowers, and all the lovely things we can think of—really artistic, you know, with a reception committee in their loveliest dresses. How are you impressed, girls?"

"I move that we have this truly superior and artistic gathering," said Alice Bradford, the "practical member."

Jessie Adams seconded the motion, and a little later they nominated as a committee, "Our president, Sarah Norris, Jessie Adams, Clara Sprague." Katherine looked around the table doubtfully. "Do you really think it wise to make Clara one of the committee?" she asked.

Alice Bradford had nominated her, and her face flushed as she replied, "Clara hasn't been away from Hilltop, I know, and she isn't very stylish, but with half a chance she would surpass us all."

"O, I know it!" Katherine hastened to say; "Clara is pure gold, but—"

"She would be awkward enough in that place, though," said Jessie.

"But how she would enjoy it!" exclaimed Alice.

"Yes, but—" sighed Katherine.

"Hm! Katherine wears the cotton string, girls; I thought she would reveal it."

"The idea! Sarah Norris, eat those words with your angel cake," commanded Katherine.

"But what is 'our-set-ism' and 'position-ism' and—"

"Culture-ism and best-clothes-ism," interpolated Margie.

"Yes," continued Sarah, "what is it all but Brahmanism, in a sense? That old half-nude man with his brass baby-dishes and his sacred messes really believes he is 'way above other castes."

Beth Carlton, who had not given an opinion before, leaned forward with an earnest expression. "I couldn't help thinking so," she said; "what we have had—Christian birth, education, and social advantages—aren't really a part of us. That is, we might have been very common people indeed without them. So, if we place too great stress upon them, aren't they cotton strings 'in a sense,' as Sarah says? Don't feel offended, Katherine, your paper was splendid—but in my inner heart I thought how careful I must be not to claim superiority on account of any of these things."

The "Silent Sister," as Beth was lovingly called, was small but wise. The little silence which followed was broken by Lulu's comfortable tones, "I move we study the fitness of things and let Katherine choose her own committee."

But Katherine shook her head. "I must think it out, girls. If I'm a Brahman I ought to know it. Like Lulu's robin, I have had an 'arrest,' and when I can tell you about it I will call an extra meeting."

They saw that she was deeply moved, but she instantly laid the subject aside, and as they walked and talked in the beautiful garden the other girls forgot for the time all but the delightful features of the afternoon.

Left alone, Katherine faced the thought which was but the key to an unexplored region.

First, why had she objected to Clara? Because Clara dressed so plainly. She loved dainty attire, and Clara was rather careless on that point. But Clara was obliged to work very hard, caring for an invalid father and little brothers and sisters. True, there was nobility of soul and life, while dress was a thing—Katherine smiled sadly as she discovered her weakness. Clara should be one of the committee, that was settled. And there were other discoveries. Wonderful new ideas respecting problems which had puzzled her came now like inspirations.

And what are our best ideas but hints from the great Infinite mind, which we learn to recognize and use and call our own?

Only a few days after the arbor meeting Katherine called a "special" in her own room. Her face was very bright, and she met the girls with a warm cordiality.

"Where is boasting then? It is excluded," she said, opening the subject. "I was a Brahman, I really was; for my object to our dear Clara was only cotton threads, more or less, in Swiss mull and such things. I never saw before the wide, wide difference between gratitude for what you have received and pride in the same. Now then, my beloved hearers, listen to the 'application' which I should have made in my paper on caste." And Katherine read, "Perhaps God wants us to learn some lessons from the heathen. Perhaps in all the wide world he sees no sadder sight than a Christian who is satisfied with his cotton strings of religious acquirements and good works, or his mental achievements, or his possession of this world's good things."

"Satisfied and selfish, I would say," added Beth, thoughtfully; "yes, I think so."

"Now girls," said Katherine, briskly, "fearing we might lose sight of this lesson, I have prepared these mite-boxes," and she drew them from the desk. "I have tied a cotton string around each, yes, a string, not a bit of baby ribbon. Every time we find ourselves prinking over our good clothes, good looks, or good anything else which makes us feel above other people, even the heathen, in goes a penance dime or nickel, with a little prayer for the old Brahman and—ourselves; will you?"

Very graciously they received the suggestive boxes and bore them away.

To the beaches, the mountains, somewhere, anywhere, the happy girls scattered for their summer outings. It was September when they met again, this time at Sarah's home.

The seven boxes stood in a row on the table.

"Now, lest we be puffed up by our penances, the money is to be poured into this bag by the treasurer, without counting," said Katherine.

Beth stepped forward, and with musical jingling the coins fell from their hiding places. "Whose was heaviest?" whispered Lulu. Beth shook her head. "They were all heavy," she replied, "and O girls, I shall always bless the cotton string penance. I have really tried to break my little sacred dishes and things this summer—I was surprised to find I had so many."

"And if Beth can say that, what do you think I have had to do?" asked Katherine. "That Brahman is a near relative of mine, I find. Give me my box again." The other girls quietly took their boxes, and Beth drew the ribbons of the pretty silk bag, heavy with coins of twofold value.—*Mrs. O. W. Scott, in Woman's Missionary Friend.*

HABITS, soft and pliant at first, are like some coral stones, which are easily cut when first quarried, but soon become hard as adamant.—*Spurgeon.*

Words from Home Workers.

To the Women of the Maine F. B. Woman's Missionary Society.

DEAR SISTERS: Let me call your attention to the paragraph in our president's annual letter, requesting ten cents per member from each auxiliary for the incidental fund. Each year new bills come in for printing, stationery, postage, and the traveling expenses of the delegates. These expenses are trifling in themselves, but that we have not always the means to pay them may be shown from the fact that in the year 1895-96, but eleven of our sixty-five or more auxiliaries contributed anything to the incidental fund. Thus far, in the current year, but six auxiliaries have contributed to this fund. Our only means of paying these necessary bills are from the collection taken at the State Association for the Woman's Missionary Society, and from the contributions of auxiliaries and individuals. Will not each auxiliary heed the request of our president, and forward to the treasurer ten cents per member for the incidental fund?

NELLIE B. JORDAN, *Treas. Me. F. B. W. M. S.*

Bath. In connection with the juniors, our auxiliary has voted to support a child in the Orphanage for at least three years. We have seventeen members already, and are hoping for twenty-five before the close of the year. Our meetings have been held in the parlor vestry with one exception, when we were entertained at a private house, and after the meeting were invited into the dining-room, where a bountiful supper was provided. We used the program on India, in the HELPER, at our last meeting. Aren't the MISSIONARY HELPERS interesting? We all enjoy them very much. At our March meeting we contributed something for the sewing room at Storer College, in response to the call in the HELPER.

G. G.

MICHIGAN.—The meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, held Saturday evening, April 10, in connection with the Hillsdale Quarterly Meeting at Osseo, was interesting and profitable. A unique feature of the program was a symposium on "How Shall We Interest Men in Missions?" This was made very interesting by Mr. Harry Myers, Rev. L. S. Shumaker, and Mrs. F. S. Mosher. Several of the college young people brought their gifts of song and recitation. The president, Mrs. Hellaby, who is a recent graduate of Hillsdale College, ably presided.

M. A. W. BACHELDER.

HINTS FROM IOWA.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have thought that a "Workers Conference," unpremeditated, might perhaps be helpful to those who would rightly interpret the various expressions given, and therefore present to your readers extracts of letters received from some of Iowa's faithful workers.

Yours in the work,

THERA B. TRUE.

The extracts mentioned are as follows:

"We have reorganized our society and are planning for better work."

"I do not know how I can get the rest of the dues unless I pay them myself, which would be easier than to collect."

"Sister — misunderstands her position. She may be an earnest worker, but you know you can't drive people."

"We were organized without constitution and by-laws. One would tell us we were not doing enough, another that we were doing too much. We were like a ship without a helm. I thank God to-day that we are a little band of mission workers, and that now we will be able to continue as a F. B. W. M. S."

"Our president is not very much in favor of missions, and I find that the majority of our people are in sympathy with her. So what can I do? She is a dear good woman and I think so much of her, but I cannot make her love missions. I promise you that in some way I will get the work started, and I ask you to unite with me in praying for good results."

"Our chrysanthemum show was quite a success, but we think we can improve on it next year. We distributed one hundred plants in the spring. In November they were in bloom. We hired a hall, arranged our flowers, sold them, and gave two suppers and one dinner. Our receipts were \$50. Of course it meant work, but what can we do without work?"

"I will do the best I can in regard to the thank-offering service. Can you give me the names of some of the ladies at —? If I write to the pastor, Rev. —, that will be the last I shall ever hear of it. The longer I work in the mission cause the more I learn to love the work."

"We had a monthly meeting the first of this month, the first one we ever had, and it was a very good one. We had the lesson which was given in the last HELPER. I find there is work in taking charge of a society. My heart is in the work, and sometimes I feel that I must go and tell the heathen of the blessed word of God; but I pray daily that God will help me to do my whole duty right at home."

IN MEMORIAM.

[Brief tributes to our promoted workers will appear in this department, as space will allow, but verses cannot be used.]

AGAIN death has entered our society and taken a loved member. Mrs. S. A. Bagley, after an illness of several months with much suffering, which she bore with Christian fortitude, went home March 13, aged 84. Sister Bagley was quiet and unassuming in her manner, and only those that knew her best knew the excellences of her character and true worth. She became a member of the Free Baptist church of Amesbury forty-seven years ago, when it was first organized, and was a member of the Woman's Missionary Society for many years. Nearly blind, she was unable to attend the meetings, yet she was ever ready to aid by her cheering words and means. The memory of her Christian fidelity rests with us as a sweet benediction.

C. M. LAMPREY.

AGAIN and so soon do we bring a tearful tribute to another of our dearly beloved members. Sister Sarah J. Short died March 29. She was a member of the F. B. church of Onsted, Mich. since its organization, and was one of a committee to organize the auxiliary of the W. M. S. nearly twenty years ago. She has ever been its leader, never shrinking from doing work for its interests, which oftentimes was too much for one so frail. The removal of one who so completely filled her place in the now desolate home, in the church, and in the community where she had lived forty-two years, has left grief-stricken hearts. She was a Christian who daily bore the Christlikeness, and the memory of her beautiful and busy life will ever be cherished by those who have been co-laborers with her for many years. The Saviour she so dearly loved has called her home to dwell in the "mansions" prepared for his "good and faithful servants."

Onsted, Mich.

LUCRETIA MOREY.

AMONG OUR BOOKS.

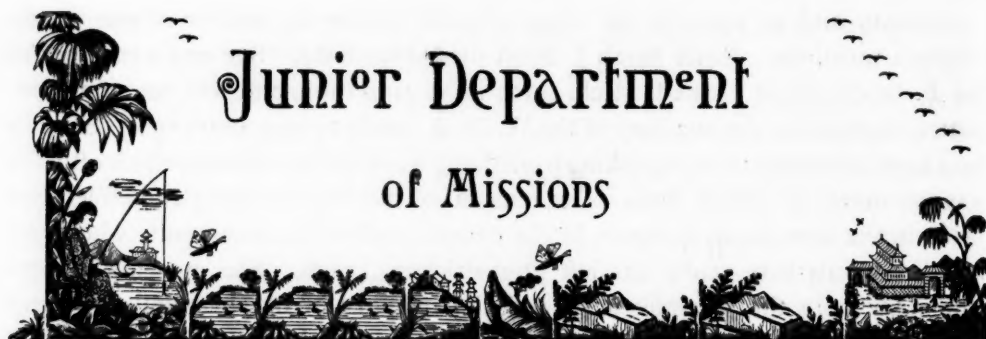
The books which come to us as friends have something which is almost personality for us. We almost know their faces, we have almost heard the sound of their voices and felt the pressure of their hands.—*Phillips Brooks.*

The World Beautiful. Second Series. By Lilian Whiting. Boston, Roberts Brothers. 16mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.

Many who have read the first volume of the series of essays published under the title, "The World Beautiful," will be eager to read the second. Although some cannot follow Miss Whiting in all of her conclusions, it is as stimulating to disagree with her as to agree with most people—as has been said of another writer. Her books are among the few "which come to us as friends," friends of the noblest character, to surround even unlovely conditions with diviner air, and to teach the sweet significance of even the humblest service. Some suggestive chapters are "Sympathetic Social Relations," "Magnetize the Conditions," "Finance and Integrity," "Entertaining Friends," "The True Realities," "Self-Control and Pleasant Speech," etc. One should read the first series first, with which the present volume is uniform.

The Junior Manual. A Handbook of Methods for Junior Christian Endeavor Workers. By Amos R. Wells, editor of *The Golden Rule*. Boston and Chicago: United Society of Christian Endeavor. 304 pages. Price, cloth, \$1.25; board covers, 75 cents.

We can hardly imagine a junior superintendent who would willingly be without this complete and very readable handbook. We fail to find any question liable to arise about organization, methods of work, entertainment, etc., which are unanswered in this volume. The usual problems are not only solved, but there are many pages of bright ideas for holding and helping the young workers, which will be a boon to the superintendent who feels that he or she has exhausted all his own ideas. But Mr. Wells' name attached to it assures the reader of a book brimful of helpful suggestions. We heartily commend it to our workers.



JUNIOR MEETING FOR JUNE.

[Room bright with flowers.]

PROGRAM.

1. Singing.
2. Brief prayer by leader.
3. Roll-call, each member responding with a scripture "Love" verse.
4. Singing.
5. Exercise, "Children's Day—Mission Thoughts."
6. Reading, "A Story of White Ants."
7. Singing, marching song, with the offering at the close. (Vary the usual form of collecting the pennies, by having a flower-trimmed basket on a small table in the center of room, where each junior places his own offering.)
8. Reading, "Tillie Panscrooski."
9. Brief talk by leader—What this junior society can do.
10. Chain of sentence prayers by juniors. Close by repeating pledge in concert.

A STORY OF WHITE ANTS.

[Letter from the children's missionary.]

DEAR JUNIORS:

It has been in my mind for some time to write to you. Shall I tell you what has been going on in my room to-day? You have heard of the white ants, haven't you? For months they have been working in one side of the wall, sometimes throwing out a heap of earth in one night that would fill a good sized basket. I tried to drive them away with what I was told would sometimes do it—tar, kerosene oil, and blue vitriol—but none of these proved a success, and they still continue to work.

The wall is built of sun dried brick and mud. There was no way to exterminate them but to break down the wall with a crow-bar and find their nests.

And such a number of nests as we found, with, I suppose, thousands of ants in them! They had even worked under the "pucca" or cement floor, and made a large hollow there. The great holes are now being filled with brick and mortar. We tried to find the queen, which the men told me is sometimes three or four inches long and as large around as my thumb, but we did not see her. Time will tell whether she is still there. If she is they will come out in another place some day. They not only destroy walls, but also books, wood, shoes, clothes, anything that they can eat. Unless great care is taken they get into the trunks or boxes in which we keep our clothing, and perhaps ruin the very best dress or coat. You would never think to see one that they could do so much harm. One could not, but it is the many working together.

Many littles make much either of bad or good. Many juniors working and praying together that you may do something for the Saviour will accomplish much. He is sure to bless what you do for his sake.

In January and February I spent sometime in the "mofussil," or country, with my two Bible women. We went to the far off villages to tell the people of Jesus. We found some who were much interested and who wish to learn more. In one village there was a very old man, who said he was one hundred years old. He has lived so long and yet had never heard of the true Saviour. He knew no more about him than the little children who sat beside him. Are you not glad that this grandfather has heard once, at least? Perhaps when we go again he will not be there.

Many wanted tracts, especially those in verse or with hymns. Just as we were leaving, some school boys came and I gave one to each, asking them to learn John 3:16, which was on one of the tracts, with the promise that if they could repeat it when I returned I would give them more. We hope to go there again this month, and I shall surely look for the boys. I hope they will be ready for "the Misse Baba." With love from your missionary,

Bhudruck, India, March 1.

E. E. BARNES.

CHILDREN'S DAY—MISSION THOUGHTS.

LEADER.—June is the children's month, and so they bring
 Flowers to God's house, to make an offering
 On Children's Day; they wreath the altar round,
 While song and prayer, mingling in joyous sound,
 Rise with the perfume of the blossoms fair,
 And float to heaven upon the summer air.
 Our hearts are gardens, and our thoughts the flowers,
 That bloom in cold as well as summer hours.
 What thought-blooms shall we bring, this fair June day,
 And with our offering on his altar lay?

FIRST BOY.—The flower that I will bring him is memory of his word,
To tell the gospel story till every land has heard.

FIRST GIRL.—My thought-flower is the comfort his lonely workers know—
"Lo, I am with you alway"—while toiling here below.

SECOND BOY.—And mine the wondrous glory of working with the Lord,
The Mighty One, our Helper, at home and far abroad.

SECOND GIRL.—The flower in my heart blooming is earnest, faithful prayer
Unto the Lord of harvest, for seed sown everywhere.

THIRD BOY.—I'll bring a bloom of interest in those who never knew
How precious is our Jesus; I wish they loved him too.

THIRD GIRL.—My blossom, self-denial, has made a gift of gold
To send the wondrous message where it has ne'er been told.

All kneeling.—But Jesus Christ, our Master, the fairest flow'r we know
Is love to thee, our Gardener, who made these heart-flowers grow.
Because we love thee, Jesus, we love our brethren too,
We pray and give for missions, and long more work to do,
To haste thy kingdom's coming, and win more workers true,
That soon all men may know thee, and own thee for their King
And with glad hallelujahs the whole wide earth may ring. Amen.

—*Laura Wade Rice, in The Children's Missionary.*

TILLIE PANS-CROOSKI.

YOU do not know who the Mem Sahiba is, nor who I am, do you? so, first of all, there must be some introductions. The Mem Sahiba is the lady missionary living in Mainpuri who received a box from America with gifts for the women and girls who are learning to read in the schools and zenanas.

In America I was "only a doll," here I am known as "Tillie Panscrooski." The Mem Sahiba named me for a dear little girl in one of the hospitals in Philadelphia, who made some of the nice things which came in the box.

Now the Mem Sahiba says I must be that little girl's "substitute," that is, to stand in her place, for she cannot come to this land, and she did so want to do something for the poor little children here, and so in the future I am to be known as "Tillie."

Dolls are very nice playthings for little girls. I am one of the kind that has to keep my eyes closed whenever I am laid down, so it is very seldom I have a chance to see anything, for most of my life has been spent lying on my back. I know I have been very useless, but I hope in the future to make up for all past failures.

I feel as though my life began less than a week ago. I was roused from a sort of dreamy state by a thumping close to my head, and then I heard the Mem Sahiba say, "O, here is a pair of scissors; the very thing I have been wanting.

I had to give mine to the missionary society, for there wasn't a good pair to be bought nearer than Allahabad." Then she exclaimed over the great heap of picture cards, "Such beauties! O how many!" And the patch-work! She said there was enough for the missionary society to make into a quilt. There was soap, looking and smelling sweet enough to be eaten, done up in the softest and prettiest of wash-rags, and, only think of it! tied round with bright ribbons. But I think the work-bags touched the Mem Sahiba's heart in the most tender place. She had promised some rewards, and at the time had thought "if I only had some work-bags, how nice it would be!" So here they were, thirty of them; each with a spool of thread, thimble, and needle-book, with needles in it—the very thing she wanted. I heard her say again and again, "How nice! O how glad I am!" How well God knows all our needs, and supplies them even before we ask him. And I heard her whisper to herself, "Can I ever doubt again?"

A few days before the box came the Mem Sahiba had come across a girl who could neither be coaxed nor forced to learn her letters. But when the Mem Sahiba took out her pencil and began writing something on paper, the girl became interested, and before long she wanted to see if she could not make the letters better than the Mem Sahiba did. So she was promised a pencil if she would learn to make them every day. And here were the pencils! A store of them to coax some more unwilling children. Was there not wonderful love in it all!

I was not the only doll. There were a number of misses and children, with very fine clothes, all made of paper, and they will be very attractive to the girls in the orphanage.

I was one of six packed in a paste-board box in the very bottom of our wooden prison. When the Mem Sahiba took me up my eyes, which had been closed so long, opened wide and looked straight into hers. I could see that she was very much pleased with me, and was planning great and good things for us.

I can't begin to mention everything that was in that box. I was so confused at the strangeness of everything that I can't remember anything very distinctly, except how pleased the Mem Sahiba was, and as I watched her sorting the gifts I could see right into her heart. Shall I tell you what I read there? It was this, "I am so pleased with the contents of this box. None of the givers know me. Very few have even heard my name, but the articles are not mine; they were given to the dear Lord to be used in his work. God make me faithful to the trust, show me for whom thou hast intended each one."—*Tillie, in Over Sea and Land.*

[The articles that went to India with "Tillie Panserooski," in that missionary box, are the very things that our own missionaries like to receive. Here is delightful work for the juniors.—ED.]

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for April, 1897.

MAINE.

Brunswick 1st F. B. S. S. for Miss Barnes . . .	\$1.00
Dover and Foxcroft aux. Mrs. M. R. Wade for famine fund . . .	5.00
Ditto Mrs. N. W. Whitcomb for famine fund . . .	2.00
Dover and Foxcroft aux.	3.50
E. Hebron aux.	2.50
Harrison "Every Day Juniors" for famine fund . . .	3.00
Harrison Friends for famine fund	3.00
Houlton Q. M. for F. M.	7.04
Houlton C. E. Missionary Club for Miss Coombs	2.00
Lewiston a thankful friend T. O.	1.00
Limerick aux. to complete L. M. of Gen. Soc. of Mrs. M. A. Johnston	3.50
Ocean Park Mrs. M. A. Fiske annual membership F. B. W. M. S.	1.00
Sprague's Mills Louise R. Sprague birthday offering F. M.	1.70
Springvale church	8.10
S. Limington aux. for Callie Weeks in India (\$3 of which is to complete L. M. of Mrs. J. M. Hopkinson)	5.00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Blans chapel	3.50
Concord Curtis Memorial F. W. B. ch. Miss Alice Dudley	19.00
Concord Curtis Memorial	6.57
Dover Hill Home and F. M. aux.	2.10
Nashua church	1.00
New Hampton aux.	5.00

VERMONT.

Albany Mrs. M. Heath for Widows' Home . . .	1.00
W. Derby F. B. ch. for Mrs. Smith	10.70

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston T. O.	1.00
Lowell Mt. Vernon ch. for native teacher . .	6.25
Lynn ch. for native teacher	6.25

RHODE ISLAND.

Arlington aux. Hattie Phillips	3.00
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NOTE.—Mrs. Lizzie H. Howe of Gonic, N. H., makes Mrs. Emma F. L. Bickford L. M. with contributions already made.

CORRECTION.—The \$12 in the February receipts credited to W. Bowdoinham should have been placed to the credit of W. Bowdoin aux.

Auburn ch. Hattie Phillips	\$3.00
Greenville aux. Hattie Phillips	5.00
Ditto Ind. Dept.	5.00
No. Scituate aux. Hattie Phillips	2.50
Olneyville aux. Hattie Phillips	3.75
Ditto Ind. Dept.	4.75
Providence Park St. aux. Hattie Phillips . . .	4.50
Ditto Ind. Dept.	4.50
Providence R. Wm. aux. Hattie Phillips . . .	12.50
Ditto Ind. Dept.	12.50
Taunton aux. Hattie Phillips	5.00
Ditto Ind.	5.00

NEW YORK.

New York City Wilson Memorial Mission Woman's Bible Class for support of Raibone in S. O.	10.00
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INDIANA.

Noble Q. M. W. M. S.	1.33
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MICHIGAN.

Batavia W. M. S. for Dr. M. Bachelor . . .	4.50
Hillsdale Miss Shirley Smith \$5 F. M. \$1 Ind. at Storer	6.00

ILLINOIS.

Ava F. B. ch. aux. for F. M.	2.70
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MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis 1st F. B. S. S. for Miss Barnes . .	6.25
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IOWA.

Wilton a friend for Miss Barnes	2.00
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SOUTH DAKOTA.

Sioux Falls F. W. B. Miss. Band for Suli in S. O.	3.00
Ditto W. M. S. for Suli	3.00

Total \$211.69

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Dover, N. H.

per EDYTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.

Have you lifted the lamp for others
That has guided your own glad feet?
Have you echoed the loving message
That seemed to you so sweet?

—F. R. Havergal.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I GIVE and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the state of Maine.